

USE SLOAN'S TO EASE LAME BACK

YOU can't do your best when your back and every muscle aches with fatigue. Apply Sloan's Liniment freely without rubbing, as it penetrates, and a quick glow of warmth and comfort will put the "pep" back into you.

Good for rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sciatica, sprains and strains, aches and pains, bruises, stiff joints, bad weather after-effects. For 40 years Sloan's has been the standard liniment in thousands of homes all over the world.

You'll find it clean, too—leaving no skin stains, muzz or clogged pores; its very odor—healthy and stimulating—suggests the good it will do. Keep a bottle handy for you never know when you will need it.

At all druggists—35c, 70c, \$1.40.

Sloan's Liniment (Pain Expeller)

Advertisement.

FRECKLES

March Worst Month for This Trouble—How to Remove Easily

There's a reason why nearly everybody has freckles in March, but happily there is also a remedy for these ugly blemishes, and no one need stay freckled. Simply get an ounce of

OTHINE

(DOUBLE STRENGTH)
from your druggist or at the toilet goods counter of any department store and apply a little of it night and morning, and in a few days you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the light ones have vanished entirely. Now is the time to rid yourself of freckles, for if not removed now they may stay all summer and spoil an otherwise beautiful complexion. Your money back if OTHINE fails.

Stylish Stout Silk Taffeta
\$14.95
Our designer created this wonderfully stylish model for the 1934-1935 season. It is a dress that women having large figures can wear with ease and grace. It is made of a fine quality silk taffeta, with full length sleeves, a high collar, and a full skirt. The dress is shown on a woman with a full figure, wearing a hat and gloves.

Brings You a Tailor-Made To-Order Suit

A snappy suit in latest, most stylish style—fine, durable material—made to your measure by the best tailors money can employ—only \$10.00 to send with order. Satisfaction in fit and quality guaranteed or your money back. That is our straight-out-and-out proposition. Backed by our established standing, large capital and reputation for fair dealing. A clear saving of \$10 to \$25 on local prices.

5 Months to Pay
Yes, we give you five months' time to pay. No big deposit, no full payment when suit is done—no security. Wear the suit while paying a little each month. Your word is good with us. See for yourself. Select your fabric and style from our big FREE 50-page Book. Then send \$1 and we send a suit you will be proud to wear.

FREE Style Book
Be sure to get this splendid book. Shows you the latest, most stunning styles for men. At least 100 styles, with full descriptions of each, in many of the most elegant fabrics, in many of the most popular colors. Book also contains our great 50-page Credit Plan. Mail coupon, letter to Stanley Rogers Co. today.

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Name _____
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Would Your Husband Shoot? A Play in One Act By Curtis La Q Day

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Characters:
PHILIP MASON
LILIAN MASON, His Wife
BERT PIERCE, a Mutual Friend

SCENE:—The library of an apartment somewhere north of Seventy-second street, New York City. In the center of the room is a large mahogany table, on each side of which are Morris chairs. At the left is a closed door; on the right an open door gives a glimpse of the hallway. It is about nine o'clock in the morning.

As the curtain rises Philip Mason, sitting in a chair, is trying to read the morning paper. He is not yet thirty, though the maturity of the business man has almost erased the earlier stamp of the standard model college youth. Lilian—youthful, good-looking and barely out of her rhapsody—stands peering near the hall door. They are obviously having a domestic tilt.

LILIAN—Well, if you loved me you'd act more jealous.

PHILIP (looking up from his paper)—What have you done to make me jealous?

LILIAN—It's what I could do; any husband who loves his wife should be jealous.

PHILIP—But, dear, I trust you.

LILIAN (resentfully)—I don't want to be trusted; I want to be loved. You could at least be jealous of Bert Pierce. But when I invited him to stay over night with us, you insisted that he stay during the rest of his visit in New York.

PHILIP—Me jealous of Bert Pierce? (He smiles incredulously.) Whv, that was only a puppy love affair you had with him. I regarded myself as a better man than Bert when I took you away from him; I still do. (He resumes reading.)

LILIAN (smothering her resentment at his preference for the paper)—Anything more about the Wagner case?

PHILIP—Oh, Wagner will get his

divorce, all right. Every one knows about his wife's affair with young MacAlton. It'll be a mere matter of court procedure.

LILIAN—It must be hard on him.

PHILIP—Not at all. The notoriety is unpleasant, but he didn't care anything about her. The whole scandal occurred under his eyes. If he really loved his wife he'd have shot MacAlton. Any real man would have done so.

LILIAN—You don't mean murder is the test of love?

PHILIP—Certainly—if you'd call it murder to shoot such a marcelled young crocodile as MacAlton. If Wagner loved his wife he deserves no sympathy for being too stupid a fool to shoot MacAlton. (Philip glances at his watch, drops his paper, rises and moves toward the door.)

LILIAN—You're going away without kissing me.

PHILIP—No, no, Lilian. I'm going to take the car around to the garage to have the crank case drained. I forgot it last night. I'll be right back. Bert wanted me to take him down to Times Square this morning. I'd better call him.

LILIAN—He's eating breakfast now.

PHILIP—Why didn't you tell me? We're not very hospitable—letting him eat alone.

LILIAN—It's all right. He's reading one of those books on psychology. He's a bat on a; a regular fanatic. It must be as bad as golf.

PHILIP (perfunctorily kissing her forehead)—Tell him I'll be right back. If I can't get the car fixed at once I'll leave it. (He steps through the hall door, which remains ajar. As the sound of a closing outside door is heard Bert Pierce enters through the door to the left. He is a little older than Lilian, erect and tall, with a scholarly dignity that is enhanced by his tortoise-shell spectacles.)

LILIAN—Phil forgot to have the car fixed last night. Maybe you'll have to ride down in the subway.

BERT—That's all right. It won't be crowded now. (He drops into a Morris chair and immediately becomes interested in the book he is carrying. Lilian bites her lip, moves around nervously and finally turns on him.)

LILIAN (bitterly)—If you'd rather read, go ahead.

BERT—I only intended to finish this chapter.

LILIAN (smiling grimly)—Don't mind me. A married woman gets used to being ignored.

BERT—I hoped that you would forget such nonsense when you got married. When we were—well, I often used to imagine how miserable you could make a man by your moods.

LILIAN—It's nothing to you. I have a right to make my own husband miserable. You men are so utterly selfish, anyway. If it isn't business—or other women—it's some fool hobby—golf or psychology.

BERT—If you ever became interested in psychology you'd even forget a husband's alleged neglect. Consider but one of our fundamental instincts—self-preservation.

LILIAN—Here is a subject that should intrigue your imagination.

LILIAN—Those books all seem so dull and technical.



"You damn sneak! I ought to shoot you like a traitor. But I'll give you a chance."

BERT—They aren't, though. The subject is fascinating. Here's an example that occurred during the war: An American aviator shot down a German observation balloon. The German aeronaut dropped with his parachute. He touched the tip of a second American plane, flying below, and as he clutched an outer stanchion he jerked loose his belt and shoulder straps, releasing himself from the parachute. Then he clambered across the wing, clinging to the guy wires, toward the cockpit. He stuck his pistol against the pilot's head and motioned him back toward the German lines. What could the aviator do?

LILIAN—In self-defense the American would have to land behind the German lines.

BERT—Self-preservation—that's the principle. Well, the pilot figured that the German wouldn't shoot because the plane would fall out of control with a dead man at the wheel. So he landed behind the American lines with the German a prisoner.

LILIAN—That did take quick thinking. It's an unusual case, though.

BERT—Here's another just as strange: In Chicago a youth was about to commit suicide by jumping off the roof of the Rialto building when the watchman on the observation platform cried: "Stop, or I'll shoot!" The boy put up his hands and surrendered. Although he had intended to kill himself his instinct of self-preservation operated when another person threatened his life.

LILIAN—But such cases aren't practical. Why don't you find a way for a woman to know whether her husband loves her?

BERT—Of course, Phil loves you. He's crazy about you.

LILIAN—He told me that if a man loved his wife he'd shoot anyone who tried to take her, but if he didn't love her he'd let the other man have her. It's the only way I'd ever know. And I'd hate to encourage another man just to see whether Phil would shoot him.

BERT—What a ridiculous idea!

LILIAN—I've got it, Bert. Let's frame up an experiment. Maybe you could find some psychology in it. (She pulls open the table drawer and takes out a revolver.) Phil keeps this at home for burglars and another pistol in the car for hold-up men. (She unloads it gingerly.) I'll refill it with these blank cartridges. (She reloads the gun and replaces it in the drawer.) He won't know the difference.

BERT (nervously)—What are you up to?

LILIAN—When Phil comes back he'll discover me in your arms. If he shoots you with a blank cartridge I'll know he loves me. If he doesn't shoot—oh, Bert! (She whimpers.)

BERT—Good Lord! I can't do that.

LILIAN (pouting)—And once you offered to go through hell for me!

BERT (embarrassed)—You can't hold me for what I said then. I don't remember, anyway. Why, of course, Phil loves you.

LILIAN (begging)—Please, Bert, come on. The gun isn't really loaded.

BERT (weakening)—I suppose it's

all right. Nothing delights me more than having somebody's husband shooting at me.

LILIAN—Don't be facetious. This is serious.

BERT—I realize it. I'd better write an explanation we can show him afterward as an alibi. (He picks up a pen and scribbles hastily on a sheet of paper. He reads it aloud.) "Dear Phil: This will certify that the love scene between your wife and myself, which you are soon to witness, is chemically pure. It's to test you. She says if you love her you'll shoot me. Signed, Bert." Now add your own signature. (Lilian attaches her name below.)

LILIAN—I'll keep it and give it to him afterward. (The outside door slams and footfalls are heard in the hall.)

LILIAN—Here he comes. Quick! (She throws her arms around Bert, forcing him back against the table and raises her voice melodramatically.)

LILIAN—To think that we should discover our love when it is too late. Oh, Bert, you must take me away from him—from all this. You must love me and let me be yours forever. (Philip stands in the doorway, momentarily paralyzed. Bert slowly pushes Lilian from him and her eyes meet her husband's. Suddenly he dashes forward.)

PHILIP (tensely, to Bert)—You damn sneak! (He opens the table drawer and pulls out the revolver.) I ought to shoot you like a traitor. But I'll give you a chance. (He shoves the gun across the table toward Bert.) Take it—if you're man enough to fight. (He suddenly whips a revolver from his inside coat pocket.)

LILIAN (horrificed)—Stop, Phil! It isn't so—it's only a trick.

PHILIP (ignoring Lilian)—When I count three, fire.

BERT (panic-stricken)—No, no.

PHILIP—Count three, fire.

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Perfectly Natural and No Gray

Stop, Phil, for God's sake! It's a mistake.

PHILIP (feeling a superior power of calmness at the terror of Lilian and Bert)—You're lucky to get a chance. My car's in the garage for the day. If I hadn't been afraid of someone's stealing this revolver from the side pocket I'd only have had one gun here, and I'd have had to shoot you with it. But now you have an equal chance. Ready? One, two—(Lilian suddenly throws herself on Philip. Bert leans weakly against the table, making no effort to pick up the revolver.)

LILIAN—Don't, Phil; it isn't true. **PHILIP** (weakening and dropping his head in despair)—God, Lilian, I didn't think it of you. No, I can't murder him. (Philip turns despairingly toward the door, then halts and faces them. He slowly raises his revolver and points it at his own body to shoot himself. Duelling is old-fashioned, anyway. But I can't stand this. (Bert suddenly stands erect, grabs the revolver on the table and points it at Philip.)

BERT—Put down that gun or I'll shoot you like a mad dog! (Philip is rattled for a moment. Then he slowly lowers his gun.)

BERT—Throw it down. I've got the drop on you. (Philip lets his revolver fall to the floor. Bert moves forward, covering him, and picks it up. He retreats behind the table and quickly spills the cartridges onto the floor. Then he drops limply into a chair. Lilian, whimpering, throws her arms around Philip and forces the paper into his hands.)

LILIAN (trying to smile)—Read it, Phil. (She raises on tiptoes and kisses him. He dazedly reads the note, lets it fall, and takes her in his arms. She turns sideways to face Bert.)

LILIAN (to Bert)—You're certainly some psychologist.

BERT—You're certainly a little fool.

CURTAIN.

PHILIP (tensely, to Bert)—You damn sneak! (He opens the table drawer and pulls out the revolver.) I ought to shoot you like a traitor. But I'll give you a chance. (He shoves the gun across the table toward Bert.) Take it—if you're man enough to fight. (He suddenly whips a revolver from his inside coat pocket.)

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Perfectly Natural and No Gray

You can do anything you like with your hair after you restore it with Mary T. Goldman's. The beautiful, even color is perfectly natural—no streaks or freakish discoloration to betray your secret.

Nothing to wash off or rub off—Mary T. Goldman's isn't a crude dye, but a clear, colorless restorer—safe, certain and easy to apply.

Mail the Coupon

Don't accept any statement on faith, but judge for yourself by results. Fill out the coupon carefully, and if possible enclose a lock of hair in your letter. When you have judged by this test on one lock, get a full-sized bottle from your druggist, or direct from us.

Mary T. Goldman, 1887 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is black—jet black—dark brown—medium brown—light brown, light auburn or blond.

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The Mistakes

That ruined millions of teeth

We offer you here a ten-day test which will change your ideas about teeth cleaning.

The old methods failed to end film. So millions have found that well-brushed teeth discolored and decayed. Now dental science has corrected those mistakes, and we urge you to see the result.

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Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Leading dentists everywhere endorse them.

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Each use will also multiply the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It will multiply the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It will multiply the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

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